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## HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

AFTER the admirable essay concerning the family by a contributor to the April number of the Magazine, we are sorely tempted to say a word concerning the primary relation out of which all families originate. We are perfectly aware that we have taken up a very difficult subject, and that we must handle it rather carefully and daintily,—nevertheless one that affects most intimately all human progress and happiness.

More than a hundred years ago, Dr. Watts, in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, broached a theory which to his mind accounted at once for all happy and unhappy marriages. According to the Doctor, our souls were run and shaped in certain moulds before being put into bodies,—available authority, by the way, for Dr. Edward Beecher to support his theory of pre-existence. There are myriads of these moulds, but only two souls are shaped in each one, and hence formed alike, and so souls are sent down to the earth in pairs to be incarnated. But unfortunately in their passage hither they get mixed up and criss-crossed, and by the time they get into their bodies nobody could tell which were paired or what two were run in the same mould. The whole mystery is to

find out this secret. If you succeed, you are *matched*; if not, you are *mismatched*, and woe betide you!

We utterly deny and reject all this philosophy. What does one soul want of another run in exactly the same mould as itself? No individual realizes in himself the hundredth part of a whole humanity, and if you are so fortunate as to have a wife, the more unlike she is to yourself the better for both, provided one goes to complement and complete the other. Souls to be fitted to each other must be run in very different moulds. Man is intellect, woman is love. Man is mind, woman is heart. Man is truth, woman is goodness. Man alone gets stiff and hard, — intellect in its dry glitter. Woman alone is love or goodness, needing the wisest shape, consistence, and determination. So it has been from the foundation of the world, and a thousand woman's conventions cannot make it otherwise, or show that sex does not belong to the soul. Put them together, and we see mind, with affection to make it pliable and run it into moulds of beauty and grace; love, with intellect to clothe it, determine it to right ends, and make it most effective for human welfare, — in other words, humanity rounded out gracefully; — and this is marriage. Very true it is, that men and women blunder into marriage from all sorts of motives, and not that each may fill the chasm in the nature of the other.

People are apt to think they are married when the priest has finished the ceremony. Truth is, the marriage has then just commenced, and it takes years to complete it. Marriage is only made perfect through spiritual progress and regeneration. It passes through three stages before it becomes complete.

In the first stage, the union is little more than an external one. The real, intrinsic character has not yet been revealed and brought out. Very likely the parties have only looked upon the fair outside of each other. Courtships do not mutually reveal character, but conceal it rather, each putting on the fairest and most winning appearance to the other.

Their inner natures are not yet revealed to each other. Yea, more, one is not half revealed to himself till brought into the more intimate relations. No man is thoroughly and radically good who would not make a good husband; no woman thoroughly and radically good that would not be a good wife; and how are they to know even themselves without the trial? Two young people fall in love, go before a minister, and call themselves married. All is bright and fair at first, and merry as a marriage-bell. They have the same opinions and tastes, and both look at the moon through the same pair of eyes. Perhaps the honeymoon is named from this circumstance, for Bryant sings somewhere in this wise:—

“Most welcome to the lovers’ sight  
Glitters that pure emerging light;  
For prattling poets say,  
That sweetest is the lovers’ walk,  
And tenderest is their murmured talk,  
Beneath its gentle ray.”

Indeed, I am tempted to call this first period of marriage the *mono-lunar*, because the married lovers look at the moon, and thence all things it shines upon, through one pair of eyes, and so nothing is seen double, but all things single, and in sweet and tender harmony.

A second stage, however, follows, sooner or later. Neither courtships nor honeymoons reveal any two people entirely to each other, or even to themselves. But bring two persons into very intimate relations, and especially the most intimate of all, and unless they are both angels already—that is, completely regenerated—they will find new points of character coming out gradually. Their internal depravities will by and by unfold and bristle out, and, without wonderful care and self-watch and self-denials, these depravities will begin to prick and annoy. Differences of opinion, taste, temperament, now come out and become manifest. The art of pleasing is given over, the strain to keep up appearances

relaxes, internal natures are revealed and become repellent. Then it is that many a man, falling into Dr. Watts's strain of nonsense, thinks himself mismatched, and that if he had married some other angel of his fancy he might have been a happy man. And many a wife, I doubt not, has imagined how different it might have been if that handsome cavalier had not been attracted the other way. Foolish imaginings! as if these internal evils would not have cropped out against each other just the same! Husbands and wives who are regenerating,—that is, living lives in which self is denied,—always watch these sharp and prickly points of character, and keep filing them off, and smoothing the angles, and keeping them from disturbing the domestic peace. And as these ugly depravities are planed off as fast as they appear, new sunshine will break from the heart, and fill the household with a more rosy light than the honeymoon ever shed upon it, shining into all the corners of kitchen, cellar, and garret, and turning home into heaven. Without these self-denials and sweet and delicate adaptations, those hidden depravities will peer out farther and farther, and husband and wife will get wider and wider asunder. And as this second stage of marriage tends to reveal these ugly points of character, we will call it the *duo-lunar*. Hood's description becomes verified rather than Bryant's:—

“The wedded lovers, who used to walk,  
Refuse to speak and decline to talk,  
And wish for two moons to reflect the sun,  
That they might not look together on one.”

Unless these internal evils, sure to come out and show themselves in the most intimate of all relations, are *rasped off* as fast as they appear, there is no such thing as a consummated marriage, since the *union of souls* is impossible.

But when this is done, a third stage is sure to follow. When self is denied, even in all the little things of a household,—man wooing forth the affections of woman, and guid-



ing them to noblest ends, woman breathing soul into all his best endeavors, and making his mind to be warm with love-light, — the more internal life of each blends with the more internal life of the other, and marriage becomes more perfect than on the wedding-day. After self has been thoroughly denied, there is large room for confidence and trust and faith, and a deeper and richer experience, after more or less of the sorrows and trials of the human lot, each leaning on the other with hope and prayer. There is now not only the joining of hands, but the union of souls; not only the union of souls, but the interblending of natures. This third stage of marriage I am tempted to call the *solar period*, — for it is the blending of souls with souls, and the union of souls with God, whence comes the richest and warmest sunshine of domestic peace.

You will see that I reject the vulgar notion about marriage, that love is most deep and fervent during the first years, and that the lunar period is the happiest. It is only so with those whose concealed depravities are not stifled and removed as they peer out into life, and domestic life most of all. It is only so with worldly and selfish people. The love between man and woman in true marriage, or in a life in which marriage is perfecting and consummating, becomes deeper to the last, has all lustful humors purged out of it, and becomes like the golden flames of angelic love. Let the fools sneer at the idea of threescore or threescore and ten falling in love. In a life thus ordered, they fall into a love that deepens like a river where two tributaries pour themselves into its tides.

Blessed they who, after such a marriage, can look up at the final parting on earth, and smile through their tears. There is no widowhood with these. There is no real parting after such an interblending of natures. In heaven they do not marry nor are they given in marriage, neither in heaven is there any breaking or tearing asunder of minds that com-

plement each other, and are like two lobes of one heart that shall beat on through eternity to the same heavenly music.

“ Our days glide on,  
And let him grieve, that cannot choose but grieve  
That he hath been an elm without his vine,  
And her bright dower of clustering charities,  
That round his trunk and branches might have clung,  
Enriching and adorning.”

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## HYMN.

THE SPIRIT ITSELF MAKETH INTERCESSION FOR US.

THE Spirit doth our weakness aid,  
When thought and utterance fail ;  
When all our words can say is said,  
Its sighs and groans avail.

They pierce the ear of God on high,  
Who doth the heart discern ;  
Who hears the feeblest sufferer's cry,  
And swift to him doth turn.

O faint not, then, when all thy might  
Of thought and word is gone ;  
God's help shall make thy burden light, —  
Thou art not then alone !

His Spirit doth within thee dwell,  
To comfort and console ;  
No tongue the love and peace can tell  
It gives unto the soul.

And though no voice of man makes known  
The prayer which it doth pray,  
Yet God doth hear each sigh and groan,  
And knows what we would say.

J. V.

## LADY RUSSELL AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

*(Concluded from the April Number.)*

It might, perhaps, be thought that Lady Russell's self-command, at the hour of that sad parting, arose from want of sensibility or affection; but her letters, which have since been published, indicate the tenderest feeling, though coupled with the utmost Christian submission. One of these, written about two months after her great loss, has the following words:—

“ You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common to others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so, consequently, lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow!

“ Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with. All these things are irksome to me. The day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way; and this, sure, hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a greater? O, if I did but steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No, I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul of sin, secure by faith

and a good conscience my eternal interests, with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortune, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of fortune."

Notwithstanding her strength of mind, and the aid of religion, she was visited by some of these tormenting thoughts, that come up in the retrospect of a great calamity, in fancies how it might have been averted. Thus she writes:—

"Then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of one sort or other, that, if either greater persuasions had been used, he had gone away, or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows); so that, not being certain of our time being appointed beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts."

The year after her loss she writes thus, explaining to her correspondent, a clergyman whom she held in high esteem, her purpose in visiting the vault which contained the remains of her husband.

"I had considered, I went not to seek the living among the dead. I knew I should not see him any more, wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself, not to break out in unreasonable fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation, whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society."

But amid this deep grief, so nobly borne, she did not withdraw herself from the duties of the present. She gave a personal attention, unusual with ladies of her rank, not only to the education of her children, but to the superintendence of her household. The care of a sister's children also devolved on her, and was received with the same strength and faithfulness with which she welcomed all her duties. "I am

very glad," writes a friend to her, in the early part of her widowhood, "you mean to employ so much of your time in the education of your children; they shall need no other governess."

In the second year after her loss, she found it necessary, on account of the health of one of her children, to return to London, which she had not visited since it had been the scene of so much sorrow. She writes expressing the natural reluctance to view those scenes again; adding, however, "But having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me."

In reference to some intercessions which were made with the court, though in vain, to remove the attainder which excluded Lord Russell's children from inheriting their father's rank, she writes: "I do assure your Lordship, I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great, than to see them so. I will do what I can they may deserve to be so, and then quietly wait what will follow." But while thus personally almost indifferent, she favors the application, as part of the duty she owes to her husband's memory and the prospects of her son.

In reference to the employment of a chaplain to reside in her family, she writes in the spirit of true Christian liberality: "I approve with you the Church of England, — the best church and best offices and services in it upon the face of the earth that we know of. But, sir, I shall covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all such as cannot think so too; but of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably with such as may have freedom in my family, though not of it, without giving offence, and I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions."

Four or five years after her husband's death she writes, on the day before the anniversary of his arrest: "To-morrow being Sunday, I purpose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unprofitable passion." Her idea of sanctifying it

apparently was, to respect its character as a sacred festival, by denying herself that entire seclusion in which, in former instances, she had spent that time of sad memory. She says she intends, "After having given some hours to privacy in the morning, to live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial; for all these sad years, I have dispensed with seeing anybody, or till late at night. Sometimes I could not avoid that, without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like to give up to reflection, — the day on which my lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world."

But it is time to turn our attention to the course of public affairs, which had passed, with rapid progress, from bad to worse, during the years while this Christian matron was bearing so steadfastly the burden of a widow's cares. Charles II. had died; his brother, the Duke of York, had succeeded him, under the title of James II., and had calmed the fears of the Protestants on account of his Catholic belief, and of all classes on account of his arbitrary disposition, by promising to maintain the rights and privileges of the Church of England, and to govern according to law, tempering justice with mercy. How he violated these promises, and how the indignant nation shook off his tyranny, has been related at length in the pages of the most eloquent of historians. Those pages ought to be familiar to every American, for our liberty rests on that of England as its foundation, and the revolution of 1776 was the legitimate result of the revolution of 1688. To the fascinating narrative of Macaulay, then, the reader may be referred for the details of those great transactions, of which we can here but present a rapid outline.

The British nation, in general, believed in James's promises, or at least felt that there was no good ground for resistance to his government, until it had been tested by experience. Not so felt the numerous exiles who had left their country to escape the arbitrary rule of the preceding reign.

To them the hope of their country's deliverance seemed to depend on their own immediate effort. They invaded England under the lead of the Duke of Monmouth, and Scotland under that of the Duke of Argyle. Both were defeated, and the most prominent persons taken and executed. Had the king punished only these, his throne would have been established in the respect of the people for his energy and their gratitude for his mercy. But the occasion brought to view all the darker features of James's character. His generals stained their victories by atrocious cruelties, but far greater than these were the barbarities committed by authority of law. The inhuman Jeffries, the chief justice, fit agent of such a master, inflicted the punishment of death not only on those found in arms, but on persons who had been guilty of concealing them, even through ignorance.

The king now advanced to more open measures for the restoration of the Catholic religion than, perhaps, but for the encouragement of this success, he would have attempted. He revived the High Commission Court which had been so obnoxious in his father's times. He encouraged his courtiers to renounce Protestantism, and many, eager to gain the royal favor, made haste to comply. He sent an embassy to Rome, publicly to reconcile his kingdom with the Pope. He invaded the privileges of the universities, requiring their fellows to elect Roman Catholics of his designation to offices which were vacant. In connection with these measures was one which in itself was plausible, but whose true character and purpose were rendered evident by the circumstances of the nation. The laws enacted in favor of the Church of England bore hard on two classes,—the Roman Catholics and the Protestant Dissenters. The king, therefore, declared a general toleration, taking upon himself to dispense with the laws of the kingdom. He expected that in this the Dissenters would sustain him; but his motive was so obvious that these, to their immortal honor, joined with the Church of England in opposing a measure which, though beneficial

to themselves, was to be effected by an illegal assumption of authority.

The Church of England itself came forward, as represented by its leading bishops, petitioning the king against the demand he made upon them to read his illegal declaration in their churches. The infatuated king ordered the bishops to be arrested, confined in the Tower, and prosecuted for a seditious libel.

Such was the state of things, when the birth of a son to James took from the people the hope that the Romish tyranny would end with the life of the present king. The child thus born was, of course, to be brought up in his father's principles, and at his death to inherit his crown. Some circumstances suggested and spread widely the opinion that a base fraud had been committed on the nation, and a pretended heir introduced into the palace. This opinion, however, has been rejected by historians since.

The people of England then turned to foreign aid; yet not absolutely foreign, for he on whom they called to deliver them was intimately connected with their own royal line, both by birth and marriage. William, Prince of Orange, the great leader of the Protestant cause in Europe, was himself, by the mother's side, an English prince, and was the husband of Mary, the Protestant daughter of James, and the next heir to the crown, if the title of the child just born should be set aside. The leading English statesmen now took the hazardous measure of inviting the Prince of Orange to the deliverance of the kingdom and the maintenance of the Protestant cause. He came; the nation rallied to his side. The king, dismayed, deserted, losing his presence of mind in the midst of the dangers and the treachery that surrounded him, became an object of pity even to those who had most cause to detest him. "God help me!" he cried; "my own children have deserted me." Addressing himself to the Earl of Bedford, the father of Lord Russell, "My lord," said the king, "you are an honest man, have credit,



and can do me signal service." "Ah, sir," replied the Earl, "I am old and feeble; I can do you but little service. I had, indeed, a son." James was so struck with this reply, that for some minutes he could not speak.

James fled to France. The English nation, relieved from his presence, re-established their constitution, placing additional restraints upon the royal power. For a brief space of time, as is now exemplified with us, a common danger brought into harmonious action parties hitherto widely opposed. The Dissenters honored the Church of England for the courage with which her bishops had met the frown of a despot in the cause of right. The Church honored the Dissenters, that they had rejected the blandishments with which that despot had endeavored to gain them to his side. Even the more intelligent of the Catholics had deplored the rashness and illegal character of James's measures, and now submitted to the will of the majority who deposed him; while they, in turn, declared that it was far from their purpose to persecute any for adhesion to the ancient creed.

Causes of dissension, indeed, soon arose. The crown was conferred by the Parliament on William and Mary, jointly, — the princess readily yielding her exclusive right to her husband, to whom the nation was so deeply indebted, and whose firm hand was needed to hold the helm of state during the storm of war which evidently impended. This arrangement, necessary as it was, awakened a resistance where it might have been least expected. Several of those very bishops who had stood so nobly as champions of liberty before, declared that their views of the Divine right of kings would not allow them to recognize the lawfulness of the revolution, by taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. They left their stations, therefore, passing from wealth and influence to comparative obscurity, with a firmness which we, who differ widely from their views, cannot but regard with deep respect. From their example arose a transient schism in the Church of England, — a sect among the clergy of the

Church itself bearing the name of Non-jurors, from their refusing to acknowledge, by their oaths, the legality of the government as established at the revolution.

Notwithstanding our respect for the memory of these conscientious men, and for the bravery of those who waged an unsuccessful strife in Scotland and in Ireland to restore the exiled monarch, we yet must hail the period of the English revolution as one of glory and of happiness to the country, ever to be remembered with gratitude to God, not only by Englishmen, but by Americans. For these colonies, as they then were, had felt their share in the oppressions of Charles and James. But a few years since the venerable oak was standing in Hartford, in the hollow of which the charter of Connecticut was once concealed, to keep it from the hands of the agents of despotic power; and the annals of our own State tell the tale, how, at the news of William's landing in England, the men of Boston arrested Sir Edmund Andros, King James's arbitrary governor, imprisoned him on Castle Island, and afterwards sent him to England to be tried.

This view of public affairs has kept us long from the central figure of our hasty sketch. Lady Russell deplored the ill-judged rising under Monmouth, and still more the cruelties that ensued upon its suppression. When the nation, rescued from despotic power, could speak once more with a free voice, among its first public acts was the expression of its gratitude to the memory of Lord Russell, and sympathy with the family that had been bereaved in his death. The act of attainder against him was solemnly reversed in Parliament, his execution designated as a murder, and his father, the Earl of Bedford, raised to the higher dignity of Duke. Lady Russell was some time afterward entreated to permit her son, a boy of fifteen, to be offered as a candidate for Parliament, but she had the good sense to reject the proposal. Besides these honors rendered to the memory of her husband, she received others that resulted from the confidence placed in her clear understanding and her Christian uprightness, by the foremost persons in the kingdom. Tillot-

son consulted her whether he ought to accept the station of Archbishop of Canterbury, urged upon him by King William; and the strong-minded Duchess of Marlborough shrunk from advising the Princess Anne to waive some of her rights, until she had obtained the opinion of Lady Russell.

The outward happiness of her remaining years was great, but not unclouded. She saw her son holding a high station among his fellow nobles, but she had with anxious tenderness to wean him from some youthful follies, and at length to deplore his early death. She saw one daughter married to the son of that high-minded friend who had offered to rescue Lord Russell's life at the peril of his own; and both this and another daughter established in positions of princely splendor; but she lived to see again, as she had seen before, that no earthly greatness can insure continued life. In prosperity, as in adversity, her mind was set on things of that importance that worldly state was of no moment in comparison. Each year, as those memorable days came round that had been marked by her husband's arrest, trial, and execution, the most honored matron in England withdrew from all society, to recall the memory of the departed, and to hold communion with her God. From her admirable letters we give one further extract, made up of sentences from a letter to her son.

"O my child! fix on that word, Eternity! I remember to have read of some man, who, reading in the Bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground; the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word Eternity, which so struck upon his mind, that from a bad liver he became a most holy man. . . . Look up to the firmament, and down to the deep, how can you doubt a Divine power? And if there is, what can be impossible to infinite power? Then why an infidel in the world? And if not such, who then would hazard a future state for the pleasure of sin a few days? . . . The laws of God are grateful. In his Gospel, the terrors of majesty are laid aside, and he speaks in the still and soft voice of his Son incarnate, the Fountain and

Spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, love, and hope should dwell."

As years advanced, Lady Russell lost for a time the power of sight, but this was restored by a surgical operation. She sunk to rest at length, at the age of eighty-six, leaving in her will, with liberal bequests for charitable purposes, the desire that her burial might be "without escutcheons or funeral pomp further than decency may require."

Thus do we reach the suitable close, honored and lamented, of the life so marked by the virtues that dignify suffering and adorn success. Unbroken in adversity, Lady Russell bore the same high, pure, consistent character in prosperity, — ever wise and kind, whether in the relation of mother, sister, guardian, or friend. That her character had faults we cannot doubt, for it was human; but neither public history nor the memorials left of her by the reverence of her contemporaries show us what they were; and a paper from her own pen, in extreme old age, is our best guide to ascertain them. In that, with deep Christian feeling, she acknowledges them, — that in her youth she was not as fond as she should have been of serious things; that her love for her martyred husband was not sufficiently moderated by religion, nor her mourning for his loss borne with due resignation. Thus did she, whose conduct to others appeared in these very respects the model of excellence, view with strict eye her own deficiencies, and with sweet humility own them before her God. Her example has, for more than a hundred years, encouraged the aspirations of her sex for all true nobleness, as that of her husband has strengthened in many hearts the love of liberty and honor. Let both be treasured among the dearest remembrances with which we look back to the land whence our fathers came; and let it still be kept in mind, that the glory which rests alike on the suffering patriot and his noble wife was no mere earthly brightness, but derived its lustre from the love and the fear of God.

S. G. B.

## THE EMPTY CRADLE.

In the lonely, quiet chamber  
There's an empty cradle bed,  
With a print upon the pillow  
Of a baby's shining head.  
'T is a fair and dainty cradle,  
Downy soft with pillows white;  
But within the blanket folded  
Lies no little form to-night.

Once the mother sat beside it,  
When the day was growing dim,  
And her pleasant voice was singing  
Soft and low a cradle hymn.  
Now there's no more need of singing  
When the evening shadows creep,  
For the cradle bed is empty,  
And the baby gone to sleep.

Little head, that used to nestle  
In the pillows white and soft, —  
Little hands, whose restless fingers  
Folded there in dreams so oft, —  
Lips we pressed with fondest kisses,  
Eyes we praised for purest ray, —  
Underneath the churchyard daisies  
They have hidden you all away.

Ah, the empty, useless cradle!  
We will put it out of sight,  
Lest our hearts should grieve too sorely  
For the little one to-night.  
We will think how safe forever  
In the better field above  
That young lamb for which we sorrow  
Resteth now in Jesus' love.

## HOME INTERCOURSE.

THE home-circle established, the life in the home commenced, of what kind and to what purpose shall the intercourse be between these immortal spirits brought by the will of God into the most intimate relations? Shall it be of chance, a thing unthought of, guided neither one way nor the other; or shall it be under law, always looking to some definite end, to which, however indirectly, it is always drawing nearer?

Perhaps the question is an open one. Some would say that to attempt anything like law in a thing so constant, so free, so familiar as domestic life, would be seriously to abridge it in these its most valuable characteristics. It would make it unnatural and constrained, and render its intercourse but an epitome of the intercourse of men in the world. That we certainly do not want. Heaven forbid that the hollow artificiality and constraint which characterize our social lives should gain a footing in our homes. There should be one place sacred to human nature and the human heart, one place uncontaminated by the restraints of society which make men to each other so unlike what they are in themselves. There ought to be within the home the fullest and frankest interchange of thought, conviction, and purpose, the most unrestricted living out of the life within. Will the establishment of some controlling power check or prevent this? Will it not rather promote it?

The consequence of all judicious law, thoroughly administered, is freedom. Perfect liberty is that which is perfectly submissive to a perfect law. The perfect liberty of the Saviour was the result of his perfect submission to the Divine law. The liberty we admire in the playful limbs of the young animal, in the grace of the swallow's flight, or the proud sweep of the eagle's wing, is the perfect submission to the law which controls and makes possible such results.

This is liberty which never can exist except under law. Where there is no law, liberty is changed to license, and the difference you may see in the graceless plunges of the kite when the string is broke, in the mad erratics of the locomotive when it has left the track, or, among men, in the atrocities of a mob, a rebellion of slaves, or a mutiny of Sepoys. Law is the builder of the world, the conservator and the impulse of society, and right laws never fetter, but free. If we are to free the home from many things which threaten it, if we are to check that license which has largely possessed it, if we are to have a true liberty again within it, we must bring it under law, and the daily intercourse—a thing whose influence is never intermitted, a thing never to be considered of small moment—should have its law. It should be the established purpose of the home to make all intercourse between its members—of whatsoever kind it may be—subsidiary, however remotely in some instances, to the advance of the soul in its truest culture, just as it is the object of the Christian man to make everything which he does in life tend toward one end, an object he does not lose sight of in his pleasures any more than in his duties.

What are some of the general laws which will tend to promote a true home intercourse, laws whose pressure shall be felt by all every day, but only as the pressure of the air is felt, as an element of life and freedom?

I should say, first of all, that without the spirit of self-denial a true and improving home intercourse is impossible. It is hard enough to get along in the ordinary intercourse of life with selfish people. They mar every occasion and every scene into which they intrude, and the presence in the home circle of a single selfish person, parent or child, breaks up everything like harmony and satisfaction. In the home relations all selfishness should be abjured, and the most scrupulous and painstaking care be constantly exercised that in no way self-love infringe upon or disturb the rights or happiness of others. Dante, describing his visit to the Infernal

Regions, says that written over the gateway was an inscription ending with these words, "Let him who enters here bid farewell to hope." So over the door-way of each home should there be inscribed, "Let him who enters here bid farewell to self." There is no power in the home, in its nature or its constitution, which can stand against selfishness, whether it be the selfishness of all or the selfishness of one. Give it every advantage, all that position, culture, wealth, may give, yet is it impossible that it should resist the benumbing influence of one selfish soul. It is blighted so, even as the beauty of Eden was blighted by the selfishness of Eve. You and I have seen and felt this, nay, have we not ourselves been conscious that some petty, selfish desire of our own has struck roughly the delicate home-chords, and brought hoarse jangling into the domestic harmony? And are none of us prevailingly selfish at home, using its sanctity and seclusion for the exercise of a spirit we dare not show to men? Are there none of us, standing well with men for courtly urbanity, before whom home cowers, all its doings and its sayings, its omissions and its commissions, ordered to meet our will or avert our displeasure? Is there no father and husband of us all who feels it his prerogative to have everything at home to suit him,—his whim, his comfort, his pleasure, the law of all, which anxious wife and timid children study and endeavor to satisfy? Is there no one of us that meanest of all mean things, a domestic tyrant? And are there no children, growing into men and women, wearying parental indulgence and taxing parental love, and alienating brotherly or sisterly affection, by persisting in consulting only for self? Are none of our homes desecrated by these grosser forms of selfishness, or by such as, less offensive in their form, are still as baleful in their spirit? Then are our homes happy homes, then have we escaped that which so largely characterizes the home,—an abode which many seem to think was created for the fullest exercise and the largest license of their own self-will,—but which is, indeed, only *a home* when all self-



will is shut out, when each has learned those mutual compromises which alone make a true living together possible. Self-denial should be the first law of the home.

Again; the difficulties in our home intercourse spring very much from our ignorance of each other. The members of a household should therefore become acquainted with each other. This is not the unmeaning phrase it may at first seem. It is not an uncommon thing to find those living together intensely ignorant of each other. Whole families grow up in daily contact with each other, yet each as ignorant of each as if a hemisphere divided them. Have you never had a young person come to you and say, "I love to talk with you,—somehow or other I cannot say these things to father and mother, but you understand me"? Is there not a deal of this alienation between the members of a household, this lack of home sympathy, which sends the craving spirit abroad to utter confidences which ought to be home confidences? It seems to be taken for granted by parents and brothers and sisters, that, from the fact of sharing the same blood and dwelling under the same roof, they must be acquainted with each other. They think it necessary to study the character of other men in order to get along with them; but they suppose the home requires nothing of this. Now the home is a miniature world. Within its four walls are brought together the widest contrasts in endowment and attainment. There is every possible diversity in a family,—diversity in the degrees of affection, the love of a brother for a sister is very unlike that of the sister for the brother, that of the child for the mother is very unlike his love for the father. Then there are diversities in character. The mature wisdom of the father differs from the tender affection of the mother. And among the children one is brave, another timid; one is enthusiastic, another doubting; one is thoughtful, another reckless; one overflows with humor, another is sedate. These and a thousand other differences appear in the same family, are not accidents, but

essential to the idea of a family. In a family meet every variety of human character ; the highest possible range of virtue, the strongest possible incentive to excellence, brought into contrast and contact with almost all modes and causes of human disagreement, and these not by any perversion, but by a necessity, of which we need to be at all times aware. The family of but one sex or one pursuit, with no diversity of temper and disposition, is not a family.

It is strange how little a fact so patent seems to be regarded in the intercourse of home life. If you were to say to a father, "You do not know your child," he would consider you guilty of a most unwarrantable impertinence. Not know his own child ! what an absurdity. Absurd as it is, observation and experience both assure us that it is very common ; and the one inflexible law of the house, the one iron demand, the one and the same expectation of each and all, prove how little those who stand at the head understand those placed in their charge. The fact about a home which has boys and girls in it is, that it is made up of the most diverse material. We often amuse ourselves with being surprised that there should exist these family dissimilarities. We say, "Who would suppose they were brother and sister ?" as if ever since Cain killed Abel there had not been in human homes every conceivable range and gradation of character ; as if anybody ever did find similarity the law of the family.

This dissimilarity is one of the most perplexing things about a family, requiring patience, care, impartiality ; and if parents would prevent the making of a wretched mistake and failure, they should aim to acquire a thorough knowledge of the composition of their own families, — a study taxing mind and heart severely, — and the whole family government and life should be based upon what they discover. Dealing with children, always a difficult matter, should not be left to the hazard of impulse or caprice, but be guided by knowledge. You feel that certain households go on much more satisfactorily

than others. They are not the homes of great external advantage; you would not mark the parents as superior, or the children as unlike all children; but there is a charm about the family that you may not understand, and puzzle yourself to account for. There is no less of exuberant spirit, no less of jocund mirth, no less of ease and naturalness, — nothing to give that painful feeling of the unnatural curb and drill which breaks some families into premature proprieties, — but a freedom which never infringes, a confidence that is never abused, a judgment that seems never to err, control that is not a curb, and a harmony of which such discordant material seems to others incapable. If you could get at the secret of this, you would probably find that the parents had made it a point to know their children, had not been content to know their countenances and voices and manners, and a few outside and obvious peculiarities, but had studied them in each step of their progress, had adapted their intercourse with each to each, had taught their children as they grew to recognize and respect each other's individuality, and so had gradually constructed a genuine family, that truest and most needed of human institutions. I do not believe there is any accident about a good home, any more than there is any accident about a fine tree. Both are the products of well-considered opposites brought into harmony by a superintending wisdom.

I do not think this knowledge is often *sought* by the parent. I do not think he sets himself to find out what is going on within the heart and mind of his child. Necessity sometimes forces it upon him, accident sometimes reveals it, or a shrewd guess may detect some things; but the deliberate searching into the peculiarities of his children, and the ordering his and their intercourse by what he discovers, is the rare work of the home-head. How much real conversation goes on in our homes? How much questioning of what is learned at school, from books, from others? how much of what each one learns from himself? how much interchange

of thought and feeling? Here is a child's mind, a germ of wisdom, wonder, and power, compassed about by infinite mysteries, of which it is on all hands seeking the solution. The child mind does not stand out in God's world as the adult mind does,—callous, or self-satisfied, or sceptical,—but in the spirit of childhood, and with more reverence than we know, asks that it may believe. It turns to us, who are its natural teachers, whom it looks up to with the same love and reverence it looks on all things. What do we? Listen, explain, draw out, lead on? or do we rebuff, and send the opening spirit shuddering back within itself, and teach it in its early hours to keep close-locked all its inner wants? Do we dive, as we might, into the mysterious depths of the child-nature, or, taking its wings, not clogged as ours, soar upward toward those other mysteries which wait and watch for our coming? A little spirit peering all aglow with wonder in at the doorway of knowledge, do we lift its feet over the threshold, and encourage it to pursue its way from room to room, touching and tasting and appropriating of the heaped-up treasure stored therein? Is it not rather that the child forces its way, despite the neglect, the indifference, the repulse of parents, who know nothing less than what it knows, or stupidly wonder how it got such things? Home talk! it is the talk of the elders, of sermons, of business, of fashions, of neighbors; it is superficial, if not injurious; or it is too high, and they cannot attain unto it. It gives nothing to the aspiration or the want of childhood, while the set talk with children is hard and forced, a talking *at* them, rather than a talking with them; a forcing your convictions, rather than drawing out theirs. Sometimes it seems as if the staple of home intercourse were a tirade against noise, carelessness, and the thousand vexatious inadvertencies of child-life, and as if that would be all the memory of home intercourse the child would have to carry with it into the world.

I remember to have marked in a book I read some years

ago the following passage : " It had grown to be an unhappy instinct with me to get as much as possible out of my father's way." Unhappy indeed ; and what a strange statement it would seem, did we not know that this grows to be the instinct of too many children. How often do you see that the mother is the exclusive friend, companion, and confidant, while the father is a sort of bugbear, who is n't to be approached or disturbed, whose presence is a restraint, whose departure a relief. This is not the mother's doing, or the child's. The fault lies with the father. His child is a plaything to him. As soon as he tires of his toy, it ceases to give him that sort of pleasure ; as soon as it grows disagreeable, he begins to chafe, and hands it over to the mother. The repulse is understood, and works its natural result. The child shuns the father, makes the mother confidante, learns to persuade her, and gets her to persuade the father, and each time he gains his end the separation is more complete. This is not nature's doing. Nature draws the child, undoubtedly, toward the mother, but she does not draw it from the father. It looks to her, goes to her for some things ; but where there is a true relationship, it soon comprehends that there are wants she cannot meet. Her more confiding ways, her more genial sympathies, — nay, let us go back to the great truth at once, — that mystic tie which links from the first and forever the child-life and the mother-life, gives her the place the father never gets ; but as childhood passes, and new experiences press, and life is out of doors, and school and other children make their impression, then more and more the boy, at least, feels the need of the father. Fatal is the mistake that father makes who in these years separates himself more and more from his children, and fearfully shall it be visited upon him in the non-intercourse of life, or in the days of his decrepitude and need. I sometimes hear of parents turned to the cold charities of almshouses ; sometimes, pitiful complaints of children's ingratitude. But, alas ! how little has many a child to be grateful for, who

repays with a simple usury the cool indifference or the harsh neglect of his earlier years.

As another law of home intercourse, I should say, not only have, and show that you have, confidence in your children, but give your confidence to them. I think as children grow into years they desire to have their confidence reciprocated, and I suspect parents would gain very much if they now and then took their children, even while they are children, into their confidence. That is a very proud moment in a girl's life when her father first draws her arm into his, and she feels herself for the moment in that position she has always considered as sacred to her mother; that is an epoch in a boy's life when he finds his mother trusting to him as escort and protector, but a more pure and genuine and wholesome pride is that which the first confidence engenders. It is the letting down of many bars, it is the drawing of two who need each other very near, nearer than many a direct act. I well remember the effect of such confidence upon my boyhood, how it drew me toward my father, and how he trusted me, asked and took my advice, explained his purpose, and left me to work it out. I allude to this, because I think it an important thing in domestic intercourse, which is not apt to be thought of, but which will help to cement and bind parents and children just at that dangerous transition season when they are outgrowing the tutelage of childhood and putting on the self-sufficiency of youth. There are coming up every now and then in households matters which excite the curiosity of children, which we exalt into mysteries by our secrecy or evasion. There are very many matters upon which a growing child is capable of expressing an opinion, there are many things in which your boy or your girl can help you if you only think so; and it were far better for both you and them to put confidence in them, rather than that they should feel that they are passed by for others. Your own child is not unfrequently a better adviser than a stranger of twice his

years and general wisdom; and if he were not, the mere showing of a disposition to trust him in your affairs is a valuable aid to the strengthening of his character, and the establishment of a just self-respect. We err greatly, and ourselves we lose much, by not leaning more on the generation that rises about us. I think this may be the one thing that youth wants at that dangerous transition season,—that neutral ground between childhood and manhood,—to prevent its running from the control of home to those scenes and companionships more dangerous, but which pay the coveted respect to its advancing years. What is, perhaps, the cunning of the world, should be the wisdom of the parent. It is not policy alone, but the mutual good of each, that should lead parents to give their confidence to their children. If they have that, they are far less likely to crave that which is less.

Let me suggest here, that no parent should, from false pride, or for any other cause, neglect to confess to the child when he has done him an injustice. Running through all the family should be the broadest principle of justice. It should rule in the dealings of child with child, nor less in the parental dealings. It is not possible for us to be infallible, quick, arbitrary, impulsive as we are; judging from passion or insufficient inquiry, we many times mistake, and even when we would not we sometimes err. That mistake should be confessed at any cost. It will never do to let your child feel that you are unjust to it. It is inflicting a deep wound among sensibilities that cannot bear it. And think not your child will not appreciate your confession, and love you the more dearly for it. Have you never seen the surly and half vengeful look give way before the confession, "I have wronged you, my child," or found a sudden flashing of joy through the swiftly raining tears as the words fell from your lips? I tell you, the man who will do thus gains his child, keeps his love, and increases his respect, and saves a spirit which might be lost. As a young man I felt that the



position of the College government, which would never allow that it was wrong, was doing a moral injury to myself and others, for which no mere learning could compensate. How much deeper the injury inflicted upon him who feels that it is a father or a mother who has injured, and refuses to right him! What is injurious in an institution would be fatal in a home, and the parent who should refuse to own to his child that he was in the wrong, would find that he had planted a seed which must inevitably grow and spread and bring forth much and bitter fruit.

Another law of home intercourse is courtesy. Good manners and kind feelings should not be company graces, but home graces. Again I say, there is no inherent power in the constitution of home that enables it to stand up against abuses. Most of all places does it depend upon what some one calls "the small, sweet charities"; least of all can it do without those common civilities which are prized so highly in the transient intercourse of life. Coleridge says, "The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind look, a heart-felt compliment, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thoughts and genial feeling." These are just the things of almost infinite value in home intercourse, and these are the things home intercourse wants. What need is there of courtesy at home? Why should I stop to be polite to those I am with all the time? They ought to know that I feel kindly toward them, to take that for granted, and not to mind the little oversights in manner and act. But home cannot do this. Its life rests upon little things. Because it knows your love, it demands the expression of it, and when that expression goes out spontaneously to others, it cannot but sigh. The heart is always a little jealous, and we must have a care that we do not unwittingly rouse its fiercer fires. Besides, I think the decay of courtesy in families, the absence of ordinary civility toward each other, the suspension of little charities, is something worse than a carelessness. It is



the beginning of an end which it is terrible to contemplate. Intermit the pleasant interchanges of the heart, be polite and considerate to strangers, and in your home leave every one to themselves ; admire and pay court to every woman but your wife ; listen to and adopt the opinion of every man except your husband ; leave your sisters to fight their way, while you flirt with other girls ; or lavish your amiability and your accomplishments upon all except your brothers ; — in short, be known in the home for the reverse of what the world thinks you, and home is little more than a name, and verges fast toward a ruin. If we treated others as we treat each other in the family ; if we were as exacting, as unreasonable, as imperious ; if we received everything as our right, and gave nothing but with grudging ; if kind words and looks, and generous acts and sympathies, were wanting, we should be shut from its society, and left outcast, until penance fit had been made, and pardon sought. Cowardly we compel home to submit to affronts we dare not put upon the world. The unselfish heart is of necessity courteous.

It may seem strange to you that I should add to this catalogue, as a part of the intercourse of home, the necessity in the home of seclusion. When we get to build our houses rightly and religiously, so that they shall not be mere physical conveniences, but educators of the souls within them, then we shall build them with regard to the sometime seclusion of the members from each other. We not only need to be shut out from other families, but the members of the same family require means of seclusion from each other. It is not safe or healthy, morally, for a family to live always in common. There must be some place to which each can withdraw, sacred from all intruding steps as was the Jewish inner sanctuary ; a place to go to for the chastising of a perturbed temper ; for reflection upon our mistakes, imprudence, or unkindness ; for self-study, resolve, and prayers. In the varied and intimate intercourse of the home, perpetually do we need to pause, to withdraw, to think, and get

strength ; and one great preventive of a firm inner growth is, that we are obliged to postpone acts and exercises to a convenient season, whose vitality depends upon being embraced at the moment. We need to seize moods of mind, to use hints as they arise, to follow out the suggestings of circumstance or the moment, and we can't do this unless we have some place in the house which is all our own to which to retire unmolested. The idea of the chapel and the oratory might with advantage be borrowed from the Romish Church, and the home receive some decided advantage, not from fasts and flagellations and counted beads, but from the sincere humiliation of the soul at such times as come to us all, when it is perturbed by the intercourse of home. The closet ought not to be a fiction of our rhetoric, but a fact of our homes and our experience.

In the home intercourse it should be remembered that each one has his place and his part. A happy and pleasant home is an impossibility where any one slights his duty. Home is not a place where you are to cosset your own fancies, or be entertained by the rest. You have no right to sit down, listless and dull, and say, "Come, amuse me, and see how pleasant you can make home." You have no right to complain that home is ungenial, till you are sure you have tried your best to make it genial. The men who complain of homes are mostly those of whom the homes complain, men whose dignity is offended at the bare suggestion that they have something to do toward making it pleasant. Home is not a mere place of entertainment, a sort of tavern, and he who turns to it for entertainment merely deserves to be disappointed. Hast thou nothing to do, O man ! but to throw thyself upon a sofa, or monopolize the easiest chair, and, holding back all thine own information, demand that wife and children amuse thee ? or wilt thou go moodily out to club or to store, declaring that thou wilt not stay where so little is done for thee ? And shall the young man say, "My sisters do nothing to make home pleasant to

me," when he has done nothing to make home pleasant to them? I do not think the different members of a home realize how much the pleasant, profitable intercourse of home depends on each, or how hard it is when one and another hang back for the rest to supply the deficiency.

I feel that we are not doing justice to the great privilege of domestic intercourse,—that we are not making the best of our homes,—that we who are parents are strangers to our children, and our children are strangers to us. Perhaps we husbands and wives are strangers to each other. We do not try to know each other. We let things take their own course, we have no guiding or controlling law, and then wonder that our homes are the unsatisfactory, chaotic things they are. Home, like a delicate, sensitive, many-stringed instrument, can only be kept in perfect tone by constant care. Without that, the exquisite harmonies of which it is capable become only clashing and horrid discords,—the jangle of a thing abused and broken. The homes that are bright, happy, and successful are not the special gifts of God, they are not homes endowed with the things position or wealth give, but they are homes wisely regulated, based upon, and growing out of, broad and generous principles. They are homes in which self is subordinate, in which familiarity has led to no abridgment of courtesy, where there is enough, and not too much of discipline, where children and parents grow together, sharing in each other's confidence, partaking in each other's sorrow or joy. I think the idea of home should be a place to grow in,—parents as well as children. It should have progress, this year better than last year; it should have renewal, so that the mistakes of the past may be avoided, and the future lead to something better; it should have a plan, because without plan nothing is ever done. And all this lies in parental hands. By special Divine enactment they are the educators of the home,—to lead it and to mould it. Its success or its failure rests with them. Except in very rare cases, the home cannot be higher

than the aspiration of its heads. Then with them there rests a vast responsibility. With the first formation of the family it begins. It is not the mother's work alone, because her life chances to be more immediately and at all times connected with the home, but quite as much the father's. He ought to begin at the beginning, and know his children, not as playthings, not as disturbers of his peace, not as expenses, but, from their very babyhood up to the time he dismisses them to the world, as moral and immortal beings, whose destiny in the present, if not the future, he may and does control. He ought never to dissociate himself from the interests of his children, but by word and work prove his interest and sympathy in their experiences, their achievements, and their plans, — little things, perhaps, to do, but great things to leave undone. The intercourse of home is not the set, deliberate intercourse of the lips alone, — it is not the great things we attempt merely, but mainly is that intercourse among trivial and occasional things, and out of these, — these which we cannot anticipate, which we do not create, — comes the power of that intercourse, a power that may lift the home to heaven, or thrust it down to hell. Tacitus said of Agricola, "that he governed his family, which many find to be a harder task than to govern a province." It is not government of that old Roman stamp that we wish to have as the result of parental intercourse, — the exercise and control of mere will, — but the government which results from a wise, considerate, intelligent, and impartial love.

J. F. W. W.

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"WHY dost thou hide thy face? Haply thou wilt say, None can see thy face and live. Ah, Lord, let me die that I may see thee; let me see thee that I may die; I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

## THE IDEAL CHURCH.

A SERMON BY REV. C. S. LOCKE.

EPH. v. 27 :—"That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing ; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

It is incidental to man, from the fact that he is a progressive being, that his actual institutions always fall below the idea that exists in his mind. His aspirations are high ; his performance is mean. His resolutions are noble, their accomplishment is imperfect. His designs are grand, their execution is incomplete. Some stubbornness in the material on which he works, some lack of facility in, or command over his hand, prevents him from bringing out in all its symmetry and beauty the ideal that has appeared to his spiritual vision. This remark applies to all human institutions, educational, political, and religious, and it is the aim of good men to bring these institutions nearer the ideal pattern. They cannot hope to be perfectly successful. The strife must go on for ages, but something can be done towards it. The present can be an improvement on the past, and a preparation for a better future. Rendered wise by experiment, more skilful by repeated effort, enlisting year by year a larger circle of ardent laborers, we may hope to see the seed of every good cause, which some lover of humanity has planted with prayers and tears, growing through successive generations, until it defies the tempests, and extends widely its protecting shade.

In no institution is the difference between the actual and ideal greater than in the Christian Church. In idea its members are to be perfect in moral character, and animated with devotion and faith. In actuality they vary but little from the respectable classes of society in which they are usually found. They succumb, like other men, to temptation ; they yield to inclination, neglect duty, and are taken up with the

pursuit of wealth, pleasure, and power. In idea the Church is united by a sympathy as perfect as that which prevails between the various members of the body, so that if one suffer, all suffer with it, and if one rejoice, all share its joy. The participation in the divine life, the love for Christ, the devotion to duty, the desire to do good, should break down every barrier, banish every distinction, override every prejudice, and render each Christian a brother of every other, not in name, but in reality. But what has been the fact? What scene does Christendom now, eighteen centuries after its origin, present? Sect is arrayed against sect. One denomination malignantly misrepresents the opinions of another. Sectarian partitions run through a community, and separate its members as widely as if they were a hemisphere apart. The bloodiest and fiercest wars that stain the page of history are of ecclesiastical origin. During the forty years' reign of Charles the Fifth, in the single country of the Netherlands, between fifty and a hundred thousand members of the Protestant Church were slain on account of their opinions, and in the succeeding reign of Philip the Second, the Duke of Alva triumphantly boasted that, in the five or six years of his administration, he had put to death in cold blood more than ten thousand, besides a still greater number whom he had slain on the field of battle. Must we conclude, then, that Christianity is a failure, religion a nullity, and the Church worthless? No; we are to look from their actual condition, to their true idea. We are to set ourselves at work in earnest to correct deficiencies, and to present the Church its originator, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, holy and unblemished. I shall endeavor in this discourse to describe the ideal Christian Church. I shall try to set before you the plan and outline of the spiritual edifice we wish to rear; and may I not hope to enlist, not only your sympathies, but your active assistance in its erection?

I. The ideal Christian Church is an association for mutual improvement. Men organize societies for various pur-

poses, which can be better accomplished by the united efforts of many individuals than by the unaided labor of one. They join in various corporations for commerce and manufactures in order to procure wealth. They come together for civil and political purposes in order to conduct any difficult or complex enterprise which requires the service of many minds or hands. They join for moral purposes, — for temperance, for freedom, for relief of the destitute, for the prevention of vice, and for the reclamation of the criminal. They form lodges and associations for mutual aid, in which, also, they seek to cherish a healthy moral tone, and establish an equality more nearly complete, and a brotherhood more intimate than is elsewhere known; but the true idea of the Church transcends that of every other association. It extends its interest and care to the whole person of each of its members. Its property is held for the relief of the deserving poor, and for the general benefit. Those who are strong, who are sagacious and far-seeing, instead of taking advantage of their less highly endowed brethren, will point out their mistakes, guard them from misfortune, and help them in their struggles, and minister to their prosperity. In the words of Paul, "Each will seek, not his own, but another's wealth" (i. e. welfare). Nor would it be possible, as might be supposed, that idle and improvident persons would take advantage of this liberality, and would fall into habits of indolence. Such persons would exclude themselves from a society governed by precepts which not only direct to bear one another's burdens, but call upon each to sustain his own, receiving benefits, not as alms, but as tokens of good-will. In the ideal Church, influences would be brought to bear for the reformation of the thriftless, indolent, and extravagant. It would be sought that each person should have employment, as far as possible, in the occupation for which he is qualified by his capacity, and thus the Church would be one vast brotherhood, extending over the whole world, protecting and caring for all its members, and bringing into living manifestation



the words of Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Am I told that the material comfort and prosperity of its members is too low an object for the Church to care for? Look at the example of its Founder, who did not disdain to spend much of his time in healing the sick, blind, deaf, and insane, and used his miraculous powers to feed a hungry multitude. The Christianity of a man who cares only for the spiritual interests of his neighbor, who is much concerned for his soul, but is indifferent whether his body suffers or not, is of very little value. If we love our neighbor as ourselves, we must desire his welfare in all respects. It is a gross inconsistency to busy ourselves in securing his happiness in another world, and to do nothing towards it here. Still, as the mind and the soul are incomparably nobler than the body, the ideal Church, while it does not forget the latter, labors strenuously and constantly for the development of the former. Among its members there is that constant interchange of ideas which produces intelligence, and acts as a stimulus to thought. The ideal church-member is eager for improvement, eager for truth, for all that knowledge which can be used for good purposes, and his associates are equally eager to satisfy the want. They communicate the results of experience, thought, and observation, and fulfil the prophecy, —

"Congenial minds, arrayed in light,  
High thoughts shall interchange,  
Nor cease with ever new delight  
On wings of love to range."

The ideal church-member will strive constantly to improve himself in intellectual acquirements, in powers of argument, utterance, and illustration, in order that he may benefit his fellows. He will not regard the season of his conversion, when he first became aware of his filial relation to God, as the time when his salvation was completed. That was the date when the talent was intrusted to his stewardship. It



rests upon him not to bury it in the earth, but to double by culture the value of his natural gifts. In the latest style of military discipline, an army is made efficient by the careful and thorough training of each soldier. He is made as strong, as agile, as healthy, as skilful in the use of his weapons, as the most arduous drill can accomplish. Only in a similar way can the army whose weapons are love, whose banner is progress, whose method is self-sacrifice, whose watchwords are truth, right, goodness, be a victorious power in the world.

I need not say, that, while the members of the Ideal Church will promote one another's temporal and intellectual welfare, they will be earnest for mutual moral and religious progress. I need not say that they will vie with honorable emulation in fidelity to duty and in works of beneficence, nor that the fire of gratitude, adoration, and praise, spreading from heart to heart, will cause the Church on earth to echo with universal chorus the anthems of the celestial hosts.

II. The Ideal Church, in the second place, is an association for the redemption of the human race. It not only concerns itself with the welfare of its members, but seeks to bless mankind, and to bring all the human family into its fellowship. It is the uncompromising foe of ignorance, superstition, intolerance, bigotry, oppression, and every species of vice. It is the friend and ally of truth, honor, progress, intelligence, and virtue. It is the defender of those whose rights are trampled upon by the powerful and unscrupulous. It seeks those whose moral strength is feeble before the enticements of temptation, gives them the aid of its sympathy, charitably considers their weakness, sets before them the motives for improvement, cheers, encourages, and helps, until good habits are confirmed, the will obtains supremacy over appetite and passion; until the former man, corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, is put off, and a new nature is assumed, with higher aims before it, and alive with a nobler spirit. In any special locality it concentrates its

influence upon any custom that is wrong, upon any vicious or erring individual or class of individuals, not interfering with personal rights, not irritating with arrogant pretensions of superior holiness, but in the spirit of the Son of Man, by persuasion, by appeals to reason and conscience, by a thousand indirect modes of influence, and chiefly by the loving spirit which animates it, restraining evil practices, and by the attractions of truth and goodness bringing back the transgressor to the right path. Nor does the Ideal Church expend its force in its own neighborhood. Each local branch co-operates with the great body of believers, attacking unjust institutions, though supported by fabulous wealth and power, taking under its protection tribes and nations upon which the light of civilization is beginning to dawn, spreading its beneficent influence over the whole earth, and bringing itself into vital connection with every human being. It carefully takes the young under its protection, wards off with solicitude injurious influences, adapts instruction to the special requirements of each, supplies needed agencies for their general culture, and, without interfering with the freedom of choice, seeks to open for each a department of labor where he may be most efficient and useful. Should the Church, small as it is, take up this its appropriate function of a reformer, redeemer, and educator; should it unite its forces, despise sectarian distinctions, and make the formation and development of character the object of its endeavors; should it take its stand, not on any narrow creed or discipline, but upon eternal truth and right,— what a power it would exert! How it would transform society! What a salutary air would send refreshing breezes through the polluted haunts of cities! What an electric touch would start to life the dead consciences of those who have obtained wealth and power by dishonest means! What discords it would harmonize, what reconciliations accomplish, what misery and wretchedness relieve! How it would rebuke whatever is mean and contemptible, and tend to make humanity,

not what history describes it, stained with cruelty and corruption, but what it is possible for souls made in the image of God to become.

III. The Ideal Church, in the third place, will organize around the name of Christ. From him it will date its foundation. To him it will look for inspiration. Through him it will receive divine truths. It will embody his spirit, express his ideas, act from his motives, carry out his aims, and establish his kingdom. It will rest upon the historical fact that God has revealed himself through Jesus of Nazareth, and shown us with what disposition he regards us. The tidings of the Gospel, the news that seems too good to be true; the proclamation that we accept as credible, but hardly dare heartily believe, that is, that the Infinite Maker of the universe loves us individually, that no child is dearer to its mother than to God, that he commiserates our grief, is interested in our struggles with temptation, and adapts his discipline to our special requirements, this Christian doctrine of God as the Father of us all is the truth received through Jesus, which will bring the Ideal Church into vital communion with God, causing the whole life to be thoroughly pervaded with a cheerful, religious spirit, rendering each day sacred and every act an oblation. It will believe that the heavens are not closed against the efflux of divine influences, but that messengers from God will visit the asking soul, making the insight keener for divine truth, clearing the moral sense of obscurity, consecrating the affections, filling the heart with a generous love, that can no more be unexpressed than the sun desist from shining or the rose withhold its fragrance. Its members will constantly strive to become more thoroughly imbued with our Saviour's qualities, and apprehend the wonderful significance of his teachings, and to reproduce in their own hearts the emotions which agitated him during the various occurrences of his ministry. Thus Christ will be the Life of the Church. He will be formed within its members. They will not seize a

single one of his ideas and call it the whole Gospel, and neglect the rest, but understand the breadth and variety of his teachings, and the admirable fulness of his moral excellence. They will combine his cheerfulness and his sobriety; his hatred of sin and his charitableness for the offender overcome by the stress of impulse; his gentleness and consideration, which would not forget the smallest want of the most insignificant person, and that bravery which dared face priestly authority and popular fury. They will have his geniality and sensibility, and behind them that resolution that rises to heroism when duty calls, and which surrenders life for the sake of humanity and God. They will have his intense activity and his divine repose. Around this name, exalted above every name, and not around some narrow scheme of doctrine, will the Ideal Church rally; and the closer its members come to Christ, the nearer they will be mutually drawn, until the prayer uttered at the last supper is answered, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, so they may be one in us."

We see, in a certain imperfect manner, perhaps, what the Church should be, according to the idea of its Founder, — an association for mutual improvement, an organization for the suppression of evil, and for the redemption of the race, and a body of which Christ is the soul. We see how lamentably the Christian Church has failed to express this idea. Eighteen centuries have passed away, and instead of a universal body of believers, regarding one another with brotherly sympathy, we have a hundred conflicting sects, each more earnest in proving the heresy of the rest than in cultivating its own spiritual life. They war against one another instead of combining their forces against the general enemy. They make much of the name of Christ; but where is that benevolent, loving, trustful, genial spirit, which throws such a charm over his life? Yet shall we sink down in despondency, and say that this glorious idea shall never be realized? Shall we renounce the hope that there may yet be a living,

co-operative Church? Shall we believe that the discords that now divide it, and the superstition and the horrible beliefs that now exist in it, shall never be done away? No, our faith in God assures us that his kingdom will come. We look for the time when the real loveliness of our Saviour's character will attract more widely the hearts of men, when the nature of his mission will be more clearly apprehended, when the essential truths of his Gospel shall be better discerned, when the superior value of spiritual realities shall be recognized, and arouse men from indifference, and prompt them to stand no longer on the brink of hesitation, but to push manfully forward, and put their hands to the work.

We read in the Old Testament that Moses went up into a mountain, and enjoyed a special sense of God's presence for forty days and forty nights. There was set before him the vision of a tabernacle designed as a sanctuary for Jehovah. With the mind's eye, he saw it clearly in all its details, its curtains of blue and scarlet and purple, its ark with mercy-seat and overshadowing cherubim, its table overlaid with gold, and its golden candlestick with seven lamps. He came down from the mount carrying this vision in his mind. But no miraculous power was given him to erect it. He had neither the ability nor the material nor the skill to raise it alone. How, then, was the tabernacle built? "The children of Israel," so the record tells us, "brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman whose heart made them willing to bring. Those who were skilful in workmanship contributed their labor. They gave gold and silver, and oil for the light, and spices for anointing oil and for the sweet incense, and onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and for the breastplate. Their heart was in the work, and it was soon finished, and the cloud of the Lord was on the tabernacle by day and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journey. The energy and large-heartedness of the He-

brew people quickly gave outward form to the vision which Moses saw in the mount. So when the congregation of Christian worshippers set themselves with determination and earnestness to the erection of that temple not made with hands, built of living stones, with its altar of the human heart, and its incense of adoration and praise, the fair fabric, whose corner-stone was sprinkled with the blood of Christ, shall raise its comely proportions, and its dimensions continually increase, until the whole family of man, all distinctions vanished, all hearts knit together in love, shall have it as their common home, until the mother Church, cherisher and protector, will be the dear name that will stir a loyal feeling in every breast, and nerve every arm to labor for truth, right, humanity, and God.

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#### EXPERIMENT AND DOGMA.

"THOSE who have handled sciences have been either men of experiment or men of dogmas. The men of experiment are like the ant: they only collect and use; the reasoners resemble spiders, who make cobwebs out of their own substance. But the bee takes a middle course; it gathers its material from the flowers of the garden and of the field, but transforms and digests it by a power of its own. Not unlike this is the true business of philosophy; for it neither relies solely nor chiefly on the powers of the mind, nor does it take the matter which it gathers from natural history and mechanical experiments and lay it up in the memory whole, as it finds it, but lays it up in the understanding, altered and digested. Therefore, from a closer and purer league between these two faculties, the experimental and the rational, (such as has never yet been made,) much may be hoped."

Are not these words of Lord Bacon as good and true in the Church as in the laboratories and schools of science?

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## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

IN some old Indian legend I have heard,  
When warriors meet to hurl the deadly blow,  
The fleeting strength and vigor of his life  
Passed to the captor from his prostrate foe.

In deadly strife, by unseen weapons fought,  
Ye spirit foes in bloodless conflict slain,  
Let your dead forms, by noble might subdued,  
Give back fresh virtue to the heart again.

Gird up the spirit for diviner strife,  
All lofty aims hold fast with firm control,  
Give presage of a fuller, freer life, —  
Then dwell in strong endurance, valorous soul !

And thou, my country, girt with victor power, —  
Late on the rack of treason's torturing pain  
I saw thee droop in anguish for an hour,  
Then leap victorious to the charge again !

Let thy dead foes give back new strength to thee ;  
Out from the bitter draw the sweets of strife ;  
Send swifter currents of more generous hope,  
To fill the bounding pulses of thy life.

Thy millions shout along their shining ranks ;  
Prophetic hymns thy future years foretell ;  
We know what victors bear our eagle crest,  
For triumph waits where faith and courage dwell !

Thy stars shall never set, — each brightening orb  
Shall break effulgent through thy stormy sky :  
Then fold thy glorious banner round thy breast,  
And tread in solemn awe, since God is nigh !

THE TRAVELLER.



## WHAT IS THE NEW CHURCH ?

[Rising from a bed of severe illness, we find on our table several communications from New Church people, some of them partly admonitory, but all in an excellent temper and spirit except one. The author of the following must pardon us for having *truncated* his article. It was all good, but our pages could not well hold it, and we dislike things "to be continued." We thank him, or rather the Lord who guides him, for the beautiful catholicism,—the genuine fruit of the great truths which he receives and advocates. — S.]

THERE exists among us, scattered abroad over all our country, the human material for an intelligent, a living, a supremely catholic Church, waiting for the spirit of the Lord to come and gather them to the destined fold. They are the "handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, waiting for the suns and showers of the coming spring to warm them into life and vigor. Such people exist generally in nominal connection with churches in which they find but little life that is sympathetic, but which offer the only asylum for worship. These are ready for the Pentecostal fires whenever they shall descend, and whoever may be their apostolic bearer. This is the future they are straining their eyes for in the distant prospect, and even unconscious hearts beat with the same desire, nothing less substantial than this do they hope or wish for, as the sure foundation of their edifice of faith. (They cannot trust again to *any* external support, however elaborate or gigantic.) They ask only the love of the Lord in the heart,—the vivid presence of Christ within, and the power of the consenting heavens,—and room for a life of usefulness without. They ask a religious, a spiritual life, that shall come and go as freely, and as unsustained by outward power, as our literary life now does; that wins its way to the heart as sweetly, and feeds it as divinely, as our truest poetry now does; that, by its sole inherent beauty and power, and by its clear living testimony, shall summon them alike to worship and to labor and to learn; in a word, shall be the minister of

the soul's deepest wants, and fill them all from the brimming chalices of the courts of heaven. The intellectual demonstration, though necessary for many, and grand in its combative power, has a disagreeable genius for plans and government, that mean nothing unless the heart goes with them in its fulness; and such demonstration once given is needed no more; if undisputed, is not needed at all; and though it may fit the head like a heavenly helmet, the heart, the living, feeling heart, has fibres that open within to the Lord, as well as outward to the intellect, and will not rest until they have drank deeply of the river of love to the Lord, and so find peace in the open, catholic, all-loving Church of the future. But let us be careful to do justice to the men and motives hitherto and now engaged in upholding the more intellectual phase of the new religious life. Through the illuminated mind of Swedenborg, without doubt, came those clear central truths of the Lord, the Word, the spiritual world, discrete degrees, the soul, and its regeneration, which the New Church must have as its basis,—for they represent in the simplest manner possible the constitution of the whole spiritual world, and are therefore in agreement with all spiritual advancement; and whether they are apprehended scientifically or not, still a true spiritual life will no more deny them, than the physical life will deny the laws of gravity. Their introduction was a necessity, whether they were to be given in formulas or not. For before their rectifying power had manifested itself, the whole head of Christendom was in an awful state of confusion. The intellect, the natural intellect too, ruled the churches; and the ruler had first to be overcome. We do not see how this could have been done effectually by any other means than those employed; and once done, it is done forever. We have serious objections, however, to doing it always, and doing it over and over again, and doing little or nothing more. The labor is simply unnecessary, and spiritually unsatisfactory, when those truths are seen or felt,

and not battled against. Honest doubts may be urged against them, we know; but all such can be satisfied by investigation. But more than anything the actual life of Christianity, which is the spirit of the Lord joined to the soul in conscious and mutual love, will demonstrate those truths, and make them the heart's psalm of life, infinitely sweet, and more convincing, and at last even more intelligent, than the head's propositions. This work of scientific teaching (and we say not one word against its importance in the proper season) *is not satisfactory*, — the head is convinced, relieved, contented with it, in the nominal New Church. But the life is not at rest. The inquiries which these doctrines answer imply wants which are to be satisfied. In like manner, the restlessness of the life, we believe, implies its coming satisfaction and repose. We cannot, therefore, recognize either the particular organization, or the scholastic life and teachings which characterize the professed New Church, as the completion of that edifice. Its organization is an honest effort, and we are convinced it will prove an honest failure; which is no reason, however, why the men should not have made the experiment. Nothing so speedily works out the demonstration of its own value as experiment. Its teachings are true, and they point to life, and are satisfactory, perfectly so almost, as far as they go, or pretend to be demonstrative; and yet the fact is on record, they alone are not enough. This, therefore, is not, in the true catholic sense, the coming Church. For while we hope to lose none of the good in this, we hope for more. And while we are satisfied that the scientific and intellectual power of this part of the Church is the very thing required, only give it full freedom of movement, we know that more is required in another department. It is true, — the Paraclete is yet to come.

We have said that Swedenborg was a necessity. We now ask, *Is Swedenborg a finality?* In some measure, we think him necessarily so. Otherwise, we think he cannot be so.

When Galileo stated the fact that the earth we dwell upon revolves perpetually upon its own axis, he became to the future scientific apprehension, with regard to that fact, a finality. The statement is a simple fact of the mundane order; and unless all that is now known of it be first forgotten, it cannot again be promulgated anew; it cannot again be discovered anew. If Galileo had been directed by the Divine Being, as his conscious servant, in his revelation to science, we cannot see that the case would be different. The earth's revolution is a finality, — never to be denied unless by a relapse of the world to its former ignorance. And, though we now speak of it without mentioning his name, still Galileo had the honor of first establishing it as a fact, though he may have had nothing to do with the splendid array of scientific results, which have since been obtained by means of it, or deduced logically from it. But we need not dwell upon this; there is obviously a sense in which Galileo is a finality in science; and in that same sense precisely do we consider Swedenborg a finality in spiritual science. But Galileo was not a finality in steam; that is, in the fact of its power, and the possibility of applying it to human uses. Here, in one sense, Watts is a finality. In the fact of gravitation and its fundamental law, Newton is, in the same sense, a finality. In short, in the department of truth, the truth itself is always final, whether apprehended by man or not, whether made known by one man or many. To any mind it needs but one faithful revelation. But if any one is willing to maintain that Swedenborg has revealed all the infinitude of Truth, we cannot justify him. He has written upon the spiritual sense of three books of the Word. Granted that his work is, for all practical purposes, free from error; did he exhaust those books? did he exhaust a single verse or word of them? Could he do it? Could any man do it? Evidently it is not possible, though he may have stated principles that will never be denied. There is the greater portion of the Bible still in a

large measure untouched, unexplored, unattempted even. There is still a sense for the spiritual heart in it,—a Divine Love concealed,—a Life, as universal as the Spirit, and filling all its inner fibres,—a celestial or heavenly sense ;—what shall we say of that ? Is Swedenborg a finality in this too ? He does not claim to be ; and if he had, we should not hesitate to dispute the claim.\* For, supposing fifty men should arise to-morrow, and claim the power to reveal to us something more from the hidden things of the spirit, we should not, without evidence, dispute their claim. Their final standing, or their fall, is to be determined at last, as was that of Swedenborg, by those who recognize him as duly commissioned, namely, upon the *internal* evidence which they give. External evidence of person and place and time, and, in a great measure, of talents likewise, are by no means conclusive in such things. In a question of mere external facts, facts are conclusive. In questions of merely rational import, the true reason is conclusive,—facts are not, for they do not in themselves appeal to the reason. In spiritual things, even those of the Divine Word, spiritual and internal evidence alone is conclusive, and sufficient to cover the ground. And to that evidence we must always make the final appeal. We have no fears that the mind which feels qualified to pronounce judgment upon the character of Swedenborg's writings, or Paul's Epistles, or the Divine books of the Bible,—if it comes to other and future works with the same humble spirit of willingness to learn, and with a love of truth,—we have no fears but that such a mind will ultimately decide as truly upon one as the other. Swedenborg does not contradict Peter or James or John. He, by added examples, throws light upon them all ; and demonstrates their spiritual illumination as well as his own.

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\* We are heartily glad to see the "Religious Monthly" taking up this subject in a brave, Christian spirit. Such action is one of the good fruits of being an independent, or catholic, rather than a sectarian journal. There are plenty of good hearts to sustain it.

So if future teachers and servants of God shall come, they will not confound, but strengthen and confirm, the past ones, as every additional star adds to the glory and harmony of the studded vault. The cultivated eye will not confound the stars with meteors. An uncultivated one is not ready to decide upon either; its evidence has no internal weight on either side. Thus, then, we would cast the bread of Swedenborg upon the waters of the world. It will return to us again. We would throw his works upon the current of theological literature, just as Shakespeare and Milton and Browning have been given to the poetic appetite, freely, without bar or ban, to be accepted in part or in whole, as the state of men require. Milton has not been lost; Shakespeare's pomp and music have not declined in power: they have created no sects, erected no man-made altar upon which to swear; their chief lovers have claimed no test, no support, no allegiance, but that which is freely offered by the universal heart. And thus it has always been with poetry; for it has expressed the sweetest and most powerful music of human life. It has gone out freely to the world; freely suffered rejection, or freely been received; its source internal, its end and objects the same. Had it formed a creed, and summoned men to obedience to external authority, it would have failed. We should have had wars of poetic sects and revolutions of poetic creeds, and a thousand other poetarchical woes. But it succeeded, and is now dear to the hearts of the million, and is a vital power working strangely within them, because, with purely poetic ends and means, it threw itself upon the world's breast, and claimed leave to minister, not to be ministered unto.

The prose of literature has taken the same course, and the result in both fields has been the same. The difference between their action and that of theology is very evident. Theology has aimed at institutions,—the word has an imposing air. Poetry and its prosy brother have aimed at the life. Religion has consequently become ecclesiastical,

while prose and poetry have become human. The latter have adapted themselves to the human organization, entered into it, become incorporated with it, and vitalized and refined it, paving the way for an endless homage and an endless growth. But religion has sought a dead acknowledgment (partially so, at least), a dead stability,—has sought to bind the man to some outer standard of approved and authoritative canon; has tried to incorporate the man, instead of permitting the man freely to incorporate its life, without a word of condemnation from without, or a rule that he must accept, or be condemned by his brethren. Why should not a man receive the nourishment of his religious life by his fireside or in his pew as freely as he receives his poetry or his Emersonian lecture? Altogether as freely, without the first shadow of outward authority or assumed power to rouse his indignant opposition, or to fetter the full impartiality of the soul. Who thinks of expelling a member from the Institute, shunning his society, denouncing his motives, perhaps depriving him of material support, because he declares that he does not like Shakespeare, and cannot thread the sinuosities of Browning? No sensible man dreams of such action. Does Shakespeare suffer by this neglect to sustain him by external power? He still rests upon the highest shelf; and, so great is his moral authority, that his worst opponent merely feels it necessary to say that he cannot appreciate him. So ultimately, we believe, will all religious truth rest freely with the people. They are gradually learning that no class of men are fit to define the limits of the understanding of another class, in poetry or science or religion; that the last must be left to make its impress and do its work, and come and go, and be checked and balanced by the universal spiritual forces, precisely as the two former. As soon as religion is left as science is, or as poetry, to wax, and wane, and change, and move, and settle at last into a permanent household book like Fénelon, or lost, like



the stale, flat, and unprofitable sermon of the hour, — as soon as this is done, — and we believe it is coming quickly, — religion will live and breathe freely, as the outbirth and consort of the true spiritual life of men. No longer an ecclesiasticism, — a sphinx, resisting with dull material power the change of time, but dead, deserted by the living worshippers; no longer a means of oppression, and the abuse of power; no longer claiming an outward authority, which never means anything to the soul; no erecting outward tests and standards by which to bind the neighbor's life. The coming Church — and the signs of the times proclaim it audibly enough — can have within it nothing of all this. It will be one phase more of a great humanity, — free in form, useful in action, growing in intelligence, and fed by the glowing spirit of the Lord within. That spirit is love. For the rectitude of our actions in such a Church, and for all their rule, we can appeal only to the approval of the interior "still, small voice," which, when outward voices are no longer heeded, will not fail to strike upon the spirit's ear; will not leave us comfortless, but will come to us at our urgent request, to comfort, to strengthen, and to instruct. No teacher so powerful as love. If we do not listen to those teachings honestly, will we listen to those of an organization any more so? If we have the love of truth in the heart in any measure, shall we not clasp it to our bosoms wherever found, and hold it with an everlasting love? If we have not that love, can an organization supply it, or its authority compel one honest thought? Putting it at once upon Scripture grounds, we deny that Christ established, by word or deed, one vestige of external authority or of external power in his ministry. He breathed his Holy Spirit upon a few faithful men, and sent them forth, without sword, or scrip, or purse, or shoes, or daily bread, or even a word of thought prepared before hand, so absolute was *his* renunciation of all external aids. These men went out to breathe that spirit of love and truth upon

all the worthy souls who were thirsting for its descent, leaving them to use it freely, as it had been freely given, in any mode the exigencies of life required. And while the work was so performed, it was performed well. The first symptoms of the coming hierarchy, which afterwards grew into such a monstrous political and ecclesiastical power, was the commencement of that spirit's departure. The shaking imbecility which at present marks the condition of those institutions, is the power of the spirit returning again. It flees the organizations and the creeds, and visits again the babes of love and the lonely hearts which beat painfully against any attempt to govern their spiritual progress from without. Even the quickened intellect sees clearly that something is wrong; that the threadbare moral, "That all springs from something evil in yourself," does not provide the remedy. We might say so of all complaints. Each sect bestows this advice upon its troubled members; but minds willing enough to remove the evil from themselves, could they find it, frequently ascertain that the greatest evil of all is the fact that a huge outward shadow of man's authority, and the frowns of an organized body, and the fear of offending them, and the love of outward security in social position, and in other positions too, and the dread of not being respectable, and the things innumerable which breathe *their* spirit upon man from the hearts of all existing sectarian bodies, wrapping their silent folds, stronger than welded brass, about the spirit of the man,—the earnest, inward-searching mind, we say, finds *this* the evil in himself, which has quietly crept between the inner power of Christ's spirit and his own; which has closed his eye to the inner beauty, and his ear to the inner harmony, and his heart to the inner *life*, which constitute the truly spiritual man,—the Church of the coming age.

"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." When that power is given, it is not to be mistaken for any other, and it should be the

sole motive of action in a living church. All other powers and sanctions are comparatively external,—that alone is inmost, from heaven and above all. We do not condemn honest effort, for that will little by little relinquish the aim that falls short of its inner mark, and then the truer sight can be given. And the permanent, ineradicable evil of efforts to establish a great, enduring organization is just here. It is not the thing we ought to labor for, and it throws us upon the wrong track of spiritual progress. It comes between the man and his proper end of life, or, at the best, divides his allegiance. What matters it if upon Sinai's front no rugged scars are found in memory of the awful scenes that Moses and those he led there witnessed? Has the fruit of Sinai failed? What matters it if no imperishable temple and its frequent throngs celebrate the spot where shone the sun of Pentecost? Did Pentecost not do its work of love? and are not its signs written in more enduring character upon tablets wrought of eternal life? So leaving to the hour when they are required the thought of how the Bridegroom is to be received outwardly, since it is to the soul he comes, and there it is where the lamps and oil must be ready to hail his advent, let us address ourselves more directly to the life of men, unmoved whether the visible temple rise or fall, or change to any human shape or use. Let us be careful and troubled only to seek in heart the Infinitely Good and True, and that will yet reveal itself to every honest life, in the Divine Humanity of Jesus Christ. Following that alone, the "testimony of Jesus" will not, cannot fail. Of this we are profoundly and rationally convinced. Seeking him among the sepulchres of dead institutions is not the way. He is not there: he is risen. Lord, help us to seek thee with all the heart, and so seeking, to find; and so having found, to love forevermore. For thou art the corner-stone of the Temple of Zion.

R. N. F.

A VISIT TO THE FIRST HOUSE OF REFORMATION,  
THE FAMOUS ROUGH HOUSE.

I HAVE this day accomplished one of the special objects of my visit to Germany, and that has been to visit the parent institution of all the Houses of Reformation in the United States, and I suppose I may say of the world, namely, the Rauhe Haus, — or the Rough House, as it signifies when translated, — which lies in Horn, a village just outside of the city of Hamburg. About twenty-eight years ago, Dr. Wichern, then a young man of some twenty-five years, actuated by the same noble purpose which has inspired such men as Lavater and Pestalozzi, resolved to devote himself to those deserted children who abound in such a city as Hamburg, and who fall into the temptations of a great commercial place, and are ruined in body and soul. He procured a little cottage in the suburbs of Hamburg, which seems once to have been called the Ruges Haus, and in the lapse of time to have been softened into the Rauhes Haus; and it is the general opinion, since these two words signify Rough House, that that was the original meaning. This indeed has been widely reported in America to be the case, yet, interesting as it would be, it is not the case, and the institution has its name probably from the fact that a Mr. Ruge once lived in the first cottage, and gave it its name. When Dr. Wichern bought it, twenty-eight years ago, he took only three boys into his family, but his course of treatment with them proved so advantageous that the number speedily increased, and he commenced building another house. Merchants in Hamburg were found who sympathized with him in his undertaking, and they supplied him with the necessary funds. He has gone on adding building after building, till it is now quite a colony, containing little short of twenty houses, all of them neat, and many of them attractive. The Houses of Reformation which we have in the United States

have incorporated most of the excellences of this Rauhes Haus, yet there are two features which I ought especially to mention which distinguish this from ours. It has nothing of the aspect and nothing of the restraints of a prison. There is a simple hedge around the grounds, and a hedge too which would present not the slightest difficulty to pass. The boys and girls could make their escape at any time, and the city lies but three miles away, where they might easily be lost in its swarming population. But from the fact that they could so easily escape, they make no effort to do so, and the effect on the character is very ennobling when all the restraints of a prison are removed. Our Houses of Reformation, proceeding ostensibly on the same principle on which the Rauhes Haus at Hamburg is grounded, namely, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, nevertheless too often have somewhat the aspect of a prison, and the high walls which surround them impose on the children the idea of a constraint, which is incompatible with the free expansion of all that is noble in them. I have often wished that ours were like this original institution in this respect; and I am convinced that they will then be more highly successful, when they rid themselves entirely of prison walls.

Another feature in which this establishment holds an eminently good position, as it seems to me, is in the fact that the whole is conducted in a strictly family way; and instead of all the children being in one great house, there are but thirteen in each cottage, and these thirteen are under the constant supervision of a Hausvater, or Father of the House. These are young theologians, men who are glad to spend a few years in this relation before going into the ministry, and an excellent thing it is too, in its reactionary effect upon those who will accept this post. And there is no lack of excellent young men who are willing to assume the direction of these families; and this year fifteen registered their names as applicants, of whom, of course, not many could be accepted. Scattered over the domain of the colony are the

neat little cottages of these families, divided into a large room for sitting and eating, a bed-room, a kitchen, and a loft above for general store-room purposes. In the general sitting-room the boys have each a little library, a portrait of Dr. Wichern is in every one, and the whole appearance is of perfect simplicity. The original House of Reformation which the world has seen would not make a very large display by the side of many of the sumptuous edifices which we have reared in America for the same purpose. But I am not sure but that Dr. Wichern has been more nearly right in carrying out his plans than we have been. The boys of the Rauhes Haus come from a very humble position in life, and after they go out from the institution, they will be taken into the families of simple, well-to-do persons, who cannot live in any display, and where it does the boys no good to be able to look back upon and regret the loss of past luxury.

We find the number in the institution about one hundred, exclusive of a higher educational department into which the hopelessly bad children of families of wealth are taken in and reformed, which added, makes the entire number about one hundred and twenty. These boys, the worst which Hamburg, the most wicked city in the civilized world, can supply, are subjected to a course of such salutary discipline, and yet are treated with so much mildness and love, that nearly all the inmates are thoroughly reformed. It is here, as in our best institutions of the kind, there is a general desire to take the boys and girls of the Rauhes Haus into service when it is thought by the government that they are thoroughly reformed.

The Rauhes Haus does not ask for, does not receive, and does not wish to receive any assistance from the city of Hamburg. Its directors prefer that it should stand free and untrammelled, and labor under pecuniary disadvantages, rather than it should be supported by a government, and be at the mercy of political factions. And if a House of Reformation is to be such an apple of discord as it has proved to be in the

State of New Hampshire, for instance, it were far better that it do its work in a limited sphere, rather than that it should be the sport of cabals of demagogues. Nor do the managers of this institution at Hamburg wish that it should expand much beyond its present limits. They would prefer that other institutions of the same nature should grow up in other small villages, rather than that this should become inordinately large. But it is indeed strange, and it does not speak well for the liberality and Christian principle of the wealthy men of Hamburg, that they do not give the Rauhes Haus a prompt and complete support. No one doubts Dr. Wichern's ability or benevolence, and yet every year finds the institution embarrassed.

Connected with the institution proper is what is called the Inner Mission, a house where young men from the common walks of life are taken and trained in the branches of a general education, and fitted to be missionaries to the poor of great cities, to stand at the head of the families of the Rauhes Haus, and to fill a great many places of service to the poor and afflicted, who require an affectionate nature more than an elaborate education. This is a very valuable feature of the Rough House, and the Inner Mission now has its branch establishments all over the world, even in our own North America.

Dr. Wichern has had the satisfaction of seeing his work prosper signally under his hands. Not thirty years ago he began with three poor, miserable boys, picked up in the Hamburg streets; now he sees a complete colony of houses on the spot where he began his work. He has seen the results of his labors reproduced in England, France, and in all the leading Northern States; he has seen his inner mission, or training-school of pious young men for missionary service, go over the whole civilized world; and now, at a little more than fifty, he can reckon up the fruits of many a common life. He has recently been called to take the chief direction of prisons in Prussia, and therefore spends



his winters at Berlin, and only his summers at the Rough House.

I do not know that there is anything else of special interest to speak of. Under the guidance of the inspector I visited the entire establishment, and found, as I have already remarked, that most of the arrangements are like our own. I have briefly alluded to the differences, and to the points in which I think the Rough House is to be imitated by us. But I cannot communicate the joy which it has given me to visit this primitive institution, which has directly and indirectly done so much for the world, and which has brought out a new principle in governing,—that it is better to reform boys than to punish men.

W.

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#### THE NEWSPAPER.

IN this one sheet how much for thought profound,  
How much for feeling deep, doth meet the eye :  
Here man's decease, here empires' fate, is found, —  
And yet with careless glance we pass them by !  
Perchance upon one page enough we find  
On which, through a long life, we well might muse ;  
But with the husks we fill the hungry mind,  
When men the gifts of speech and thought abuse.  
Not in the many words or books we read  
Is knowledge gained of Nature or of Man ; —  
Oft in a single word lies wrapt the seed  
Of changes vast, would we its meaning scan ;  
But, lacking still the wisdom to be wise,  
The truth we seek is hidden from our eyes.

J. V.

## RANDOM READINGS.

## QUOTING SCRIPTURE.

GOOD Henry Ware the younger used to give familiar lectures, or rather talks, to his classes in the Theological School on all subjects pertaining to pastoral duty and the Christian life. We remember one of these talks on the quotation of Scripture. It occurred after one of the debates in Divinity Hall, where some of the speakers had appealed to Scripture authority, quoting the Bible rather loosely, attempting to give the substance of a passage without giving its precise language, or commencing a passage and ending with "and so forth." After the debate closed, the Professor gave one of his pungent criticisms on the use of Scripture. Sitting in his chair, he began in his low tones, growing more earnest, till his pale face lighted up almost with indignation at such loose or careless use of the words of the Bible. "When you undertake to quote the Bible," said he, "don't try to give the substance of a passage, or end with 'and so forth.' You ought to be familiar enough with it to know what it says; and whenever you appeal to it, be sure you quote it *IPSISSIMA VERBA*."

"*Ipsissima verba*" rang in our ears as we left the hall, and has sounded there ever since whenever we quote the Bible. In one of our missionary tours not long after, we had a living exemplification of the evil of careless quotation. We were in Austinburg, Ohio. There had been considerable religious excitement and interest in the Orthodox society in that place. At one of the conference meetings, one of the deacons of the church, a good, easy old gentleman, made his accustomed exhortation, and undertook to quote the passage describing the mighty works of Christ, — raising the dead and casting out devils. We do not imagine that the passage itself was at all to the purpose, but that was not the worst of it. The deacon got it transposed, and drawled out, very solemnly, "*cast out the dead and raise the devil*." He certainly did raise that very personage right in the midst of the revival. The passage thus transposed was on the lips of all the profane wits and irreverent boys for days, and, we doubt not, for months afterwards drawled out in the deacon's tones with

jest and laughter. One such blunder were enough to counteract or dissipate the whole revival influence.

Loose and careless use of Scripture in a devotional exercise we have sometimes thought very unedifying, if not very irreverent. We have known those who were called "gifted in prayer" lead the devotions of a prayer-meeting, when the gift seemed to consist at driving full speed through favorite and familiar passages, with no thought of their special and sacred meaning. Somewhere we have heard of one of these gifted persons quoting with unwitting self-rebuke the language of Peter at the transfiguration, — with the clause following as if it were a part of it, — "Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias, — *not knowing what he said.*"

Again, when we wish to prop a favorite doctrine, we are apt, without special care, to "explain in" what the writer left out. "That he might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus," — we seldom hear quoted *ipsissima verba*.  
s.

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WHO wrote these lines which touch the heart of filial love so deeply and tenderly? We clipped them some time ago from an old journal, and, whenever we read it, the shadows of years lift up and a venerated form appears: —

MY FATHER.

As die the embers on the hearth,  
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,  
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,  
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,  
I see a form in yonder chair  
That grows beneath the waning light;  
There are the wan sad features, there  
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My father! when they laid thee down,  
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,  
And left thee sleeping all alone  
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,  
I know not why I could not weep:  
The soothing drops refused to roll, —  
And oh! that grief is wild and deep  
Which settles tearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair,  
 Thine idle hat upon the wall,  
 Thy book, — the pencilled passage where  
 Thine eye had rested last of all, —  
 The tree beneath whose friendly shade  
 Thy trembling feet had wandered forth, —  
 The very prints those feet had made,  
 When last they feebly trod the earth, —

And thought, while countless ages fled  
 Thy vacant seat would vacant stand, —  
 Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,  
 Effaced thy footsteps from the sand;  
 And widowed in this cheerless world,  
 The heart that gave its love to thee,  
 Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled  
 More closely round the falling tree :

O father, *then* for her and thee  
 Gushed madly forth the scorching tears!  
 And oft and long and bitterly  
 Those tears have gushed in later years;  
 For as the world grows cold around,  
 And things take on their real hue,  
 'Tis sad to learn that love is found  
 Alone above the stars with you.

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 INSCRIPTIONS.

THE editor of Harper's Magazine seems fond of the business of Old Mortality, and sometimes in his editor's department gives quaint and queer old inscriptions gathered from the tombstones. Some of them serve to illustrate the tastes, the manners, the simple piety of the olden times. We can vouch for the genuineness of the following, copied from a headstone in Vernon, Vt. : —

"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,  
 A son of Mr. Amos Tute,  
 And of Mrs. Jemima Tute, his wife,  
 Called Jonathan; of whose frail life  
 The days all summed — how short the account! —  
 Scarcely to fourteen years amount.  
 Born the twelfth of May was he,  
 In seventeen hundred sixty-three;

To death he fell a helpless prey  
 On April V and twentieth day,  
 In seventeen hundred seventy-seven,  
 Quitting this world we hope for heaven.  
 Behold the amazing alteration  
 Effected by inoculation:  
 The means employed his life to save  
 Hurried him headlong to the grave!"

Years ago we were travelling on a pedestrian tour from Brattleboro' down through the lovely valley of the Connecticut, and passing through Vernon, with note-book in hand, strayed into the churchyard, and copied the above inscription. But Harper's Magazine leaves out four lines, which, from our interest in poor Jonathan Tute's untimely fate, have clung to our memory ever since:—

"O who the mother's grief can show,  
 Or paint the father's heavier woe,  
 Who now no natural offspring has  
 His ample fortune to possess!"

Alas! the passer-by is affected otherwise than to tears at this poetic infiction upon the remains of Jonathan Tute; but we hold it in better taste, and altogether more merciful, than some long eulogies upon some tall columns in Mount Auburn. Dr. Johnson was told that Boswell intended to write his life. "If I thought so," said the Doctor, "I would prevent it by taking his." Without resorting to measures so extreme as that, if any good Christian man is afraid that his friends will write his epitaph, and poetize him or eulogize him to a second death, and in lines to be laughed over in magazines a hundred years afterwards, let him write his own epitaph before he dies. Here is one which a minister selected for himself: "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord." s.

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#### "HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE."

AMID the thanksgivings and rejoicings of victory, one feels depressed and sad, and longs for some place to weep like a child. The thought will run on those three thousand brave defenders who have just laid down their lives, and sleep in glorious death, and as many thousand more who are about to fall. They die for us here at home,

sitting at our ease, and looking over the journals for the news. One feels ashamed to enjoy himself at home in such an hour as this. Henceforth we shall learn the value of free institutions, redeemed with so much blood, with the beauty of Israel slain in its high places. And hardly less is our sorrow for the slain in the rebel ranks, blinded and misled by villains and demagogues. Still the prayer holds good, breathed out at the beginning of the unnatural strife:—

“The Lord have mercy on the weak,  
And calm their frenzied ire,  
And save our brothers ere they shriek,  
‘We played with Northern fire!’” s.

#### STATE OF THE CHURCH.

ONE hundred years ago, Swedenborg wrote the following, as descriptive of the state of the churches of his time, both Catholic and Protestant. How much better it is now, let every one judge for himself, or rather *in* himself. It would be difficult to deny the substantial truth of the description at the time it was written.

“The greatest part of the Christian world is occupied by those who have transferred to themselves the Divine power of the Lord, and would fain be worshipped as gods, and who invoke dead men, and scarce any of them the Lord; and the rest of the Church make God three, and the Lord two, and place salvation, not in amendment of life, but in certain words breathed out in a devout tone of voice: consequently, not in repentance, but in a confidence that they are justified and sanctified, provided they do but fold their hands and look upwards, and utter some customary form of prayer.” — *Apocalypse Revealed*, 263.

#### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

MR. HENRY JAMES, who resided some time in England, hits off the prevailing characteristics of English manners, in contrast with American, in the following exceedingly racy description. It is specially interesting, now that John Bull is jeering us for our want of respectable behavior.

“Every Englishman, who lives and dies an Englishman,—that is to say, who has not been made by God’s grace a partaker in heart of the common-wealth of mankind, or a spiritual alien from the mother that bore him,—believes that, not Europe, but England itself,—one of the smallest

corners of Europe, as Judæa was one of the smallest corners of Asia,—furnishes the real *Ultima Thule* of human progress.

"This being the key-note of English thought, the pitch to which all its tunes are set, you are not surprised to see the sentiment dominating the whole strain of English character, till at last you find the Englishman not only isolating himself from the general European man, but each individual Englishman becoming a bristling, independent, unapproachable little islet to every other Englishman, ready, as Dr. Johnson describes them, to leap out of the windows, rather than hold that safe and salutary parley with each other which God and nature urge them to; so that probably a huger amount of painful plethoric silence becomes annually accumulated under English ribs than befalls the whole world beside, and an amount of spiritual numbness and imbecility generated which is not to be paralleled by anything on this side of old Judæa. And it is exactly the rebound of his thought from all this social obstruction and poverty which causes the American wayfarer's heart to dance with glee when he remembers his own incorrect and exceptional Nazareth, his own benighted but comfortable and unsuspecting fellow-sinners, who are said to sit sometimes with their tired feet as high as their head, who light their innocent, unconscious pipes at everybody's fire, and who occasionally, when the sentiment of human brotherhood is at a white heat in their bosom, ask you, as a gentleman from Cape Cod once asked me at the Astor House table, the favor of being allowed to put his superfluous fat on your plate, provided, that is, the fat is not in any way offensive to you. That the forms in which human freedom expresses itself in these latitudes are open to just criticism in many respects I cordially admit, and even insist; but he who sees the uncouth form alone, and has no feeling for the beautiful human substance within it,—for the soul of fellowship that animates and redeems it of all malignity,—would despise the shapeless embryo, because it is not the full-formed man, and burn up the humble acorn because it is not yet the branching oak."

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#### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"LASTLY, you will find that, by the simpleness of certain divines, access to any philosophy, however pure, is wellnigh closed. Some are weakly afraid lest a deeper search into nature should transgress the permitted limits of sober-mindedness; wrongfully wresting and transferring what is said in Holy Writ against those who pry into sacred mysteries to the hidden things of nature, which are barred by no prohibition. Others, with more subtlety, surmise and reflect that, if second causes are unknown, everything can more readily be



referred to the Divine hand and rod,—a point in which they think religion greatly concerned; which is, in fact, nothing else but to seek to gratify God with a lie. Others fear, from past example, that movements and changes in philosophy will end in assaults on religion. And others, again, are apprehensive that, in the investigation of nature, something may be found to subvert, or at least shake, the authority of religion, especially with the unlearned. But these two last fears seem to me to savor utterly of carnal wisdom; as if men in the recesses and secret thoughts of their hearts doubted and distrusted the strength of religion and the empire of faith over the sense, and therefore feared that the investigation of truth in nature might be dangerous to them. But if the matter be truly considered, natural philosophy is, after the word of God, at once the surest medicine against superstition, and the most approved nourishment for faith, and therefore she is rightly given to religion as her most faithful handmaid, since the one displays the will of God, the other his power. For He did not err who said, 'Ye err in that ye know not the Scriptures and the power of God,' thus coupling and blending in an indissoluble bond information concerning his will and meditation concerning his power. Meanwhile, it is not surprising if the growth of natural philosophy is checked, when religion, the thing which has most power over men's minds, has, by the simpleness and incautious zeal of certain persons, been drawn to take part against her." — *No-vum Organum*.

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#### AN ARGUMENT OF HOPE FROM PAST FAILURES.

"NEXT comes a consideration of the greatest importance as an argument of hope; I mean that drawn from the errors of past time, and of the ways hitherto trodden. For most excellent was the censure once passed upon a government that had been unwisely administered: 'That which is the worst thing in reference to the past ought to be regarded as best for the future. For if you had done all that your duty demanded, and yet your affairs were no better, you would not have even a hope left you that further improvement is possible. But now, when your misfortunes are owing, not to the force of circumstances, but to your own errors, you may hope that, by dismissing or correcting these errors, a great change may be made for the better.'

In like manner, if, during so long a course of years men had kept the true road for discovering and cultivating sciences, and had yet been unable to make further progress therein, bold, doubtless, and rash would be the opinion that further progress is possible. But if the road itself has been mistaken, and men's labor spent on unfit objects, it follows that the difficulty has its rise, not in things themselves, which are not in our power, but in the human understanding, and the use and application thereof, which admits of remedy and medicine. It will be of great use, therefore, to set forth what these errors are; for as many impediments as there have been in times past from this cause, so many arguments are there of hope for the time to come. And although they have been partly touched before, I think fit here also, in plain and simple words, to represent them." — *Novum Organum*.

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#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Koran; commonly called the Alcoran of MOHAMMED.* Translated into English immediately from the original Arabic. By GEORGE SALE, Gent. To which is prefixed the Life of Mohammed, or the History of that Doctrine which was begun, carried on, and finally established by him in Arabia, and which has subjugated a larger portion of the Globe than the Religion of Jesus has set at Liberty. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1862. — An exceedingly compact and very well printed volume, which will be very acceptable to many who would like to know something about The Book of the Mahometans, and yet do not care to pay ten dollars for Sale's Koran. What portions of these Scriptures came from Mahomet it is not easy to say. Modern criticism asks, but does not answer, such questions. We have here, however, what passes popularly for the revelations by the Arabian prophet, — dull reading for the most part, and yet not without many choice grains amongst the abundant chaff. The publishers have done a good work, and we hope that they will not grow weary in well-doing, but will go on eastward, and give us some of the treasures which are said to be laid up in the Indian Scriptures.

E.

*Baptism, the Covenant and the Family.* By REV. PHILIPPE WOLFF, late of Geneva, Switzerland. Translated freely from the French by the Author, with some Additions. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1862.—We took up this book with no intention of reading more than a score of pages. The subject is one that we had laid on the shelf, and never proposed to take down again; but we were led on, and found a great deal which was new to us in the exhibition of Scripture testimony as to the matter of Baptism. It is a very readable book, and contains many things that every one who loves the truth better than sect should look at. E.

*Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1862, &c., &c.* Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1862.—The fine portrait of Captain John A. Dahlgren, Commandant United States Navy Yard, Washington, which welcomes the reader of this Year-Book, reminds us of the times in which we live, and of the peculiar direction which has been given of late to the ingenuity of our countrymen; indeed, we may say of Christendom. Christians are eagerly inquiring into the mysteries of cannon, mortars, and projectiles. Peace principles are at a greater discount than even Confederate bonds. The "Annual" is quite rich in matters of military art, and shows us that mind is the great winner of battles, next to moral sentiment. The Year-Book, always instructive and suggestive, is especially so in this issue, and the most unscientific will turn over its well-filled pages with great interest. We hope that the next number will have to record the complete success of several Monitors in reducing the strongholds of the rebellious, and restoring the reign of law and order, and give us the result of an *autopsy* of the Merrimac, *alias* the Virginia. E.

*Cadet Life at West Point.* By an Officer of the United States Army. With a Descriptive Sketch of West Point, by BENSON J. LOSSING. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1862.—This is a very fresh and sketchy volume, from which we can get a very good idea of the works and days of our national military school. For many years the military world and the civilians have been going each their own way, without a very sufficient knowledge or good understanding of each other. Certainly at the North the profession of the soldier was not much accounted of. Now we find that we need

armies, and have much to learn, in the way of discipline and subordination and system, from the soldier. We have prophesied and dreamed peace, and we were right: it was of faith, — faith which believes, hopes for, creates new heavens and a new earth; but, like some greater prophets, we did not allow time enough, forgetting that, in these things, a day must be interpreted to mean a thousand years. Is it not a significant question, What is it which has carried us back in all this so far? What is the cause of this particular war in which we are now involved?

E.

*Beauties, selected from the Writings of THOMAS DE QUINCEY*, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. — The massive forehead and the dreamy eyes of the picture which looks upon the title-page tell the author's story. De Quincey was one of the masters of English prose. We cannot quite forgive him the mischief he has done to some of the less wise of his brethren, who have been misled to imitate him in his sad intemperance, and have rather been fascinated than warned by his foolishness; but when we forget this, we find in him instruction, suggestion, entertainment, almost unlimited. He wrote abundantly, too abundantly, as it seems to us, and yet for the most part with amazing vigor, power of analysis, and wealth of illustration, whilst in the use of language he has few equals. This volume is very acceptable. It contains as much perhaps as the mass of readers will care for, whilst the scholar, who will wish to have a great deal more upon his shelves, will be glad to have so much at hand of an author whose hold upon the lovers of good English must always be so strong.

E.

*Margret Howth. A Story of To-day.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. — It was well worth while to gather up the loose leaves of this story, and bind them into a book. The picture of saintly Lois was worth a permanent setting. Holmes has an unnatural look, and is less successful in deceiving himself about his exceeding selfishness than we can well conceive of. Margret is finely sketched; but, better than all, the story is animated by a positive and most earnest Christian faith, — a faith in a living, loving Master, by whom we shall prevail, even in such a hard and sinful world as so many find ours to be.

E.